

After Aperture

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Summary: I don't know how long I was there, just looking at the tall stocks of golden wheat. Looking as if it would go on forever along with the clear blue sky above, showing me so much freedom I had now. I started to shed a few tears. Just standing in it all stirred up emotions and vague faded memories. Any memory I could...

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I don't know how long I was there, just looking at the tall stocks of golden wheat. Looking as if it would go on forever along with the clear blue sky above, showing me so much freedom I had now. I started to shed a few tears. Just standing in it all stirred up emotions and vague faded memories. Any memory I could conjure up all seemed as if it was one big movie I watched so long ago... Feeling like they didn't even belong to me. I wiped the tears away, staring at the chard cube behind me. Now, those will be some memories. All those long hours. All those bruises and sweat. They are all done.

I glanced at the old neglected tool shed, the only one for miles, and scowled at it for a minute or two before taking a step back. Then, another. Taking one more step behind me before turning around and storming off with frustration. I only managed a few meters before, "HNNGH!" I whimpered. I crouched down slowly and sat on the dirty ground to inspect the damage. I revealed the soul of my right foot to find a small rock stuck to it. 'That's right...' I thought to myself as I brushed the rock away. 'No boots...' No longer wearing them almost made me feel naked. I even bet She saw that. No, I know She saw it. That feeling of someone watching becomes a little too familiar after so many hours. More than likely to make sure I run my merry little way along from here. A LONG way from here.

Standing back up, I patted the dirt and dust from my seat. I glanced only once more to the cube and the shed before rubbing my neck for

relief of my thoughts. When my feet picked back up again, I never turned back.

I was hot and my feet were far more sore than I have ever experienced. At least there was some comfort in the Long-Fall-Boots, but the sun... I thought it would be nice and rejuvenating feeling its rays shower down upon me, but now I feel like its been beating me with a flyswatter. It must have been a few hours now. The sun sank down quite a ways toward the western sky and I zoned out about a half hour ago, just walking in a daze. When I came to, there were trees. Roughly about 11 or 12 meters across from me and containing mainly Deciduous & Pine Trees. It stretched down both ends along with the wheat field, never seeming to end. 'What now?' I felt a small fraction of anxiety hit me.

End
file.